

Title: Terraknight Chronicles Vol. I

Author: Locke Terraknight

Terraknight
Chronicles

Volume 1

The Madman

Late one eve about two hundred years ago, a madman set foot in his tower. In tow behind him, a large bloodsoaked sack. The sack left a long streak of crimson in its wake as the man dragged his captures to his sanctuary on the third floor. He delicately spoke a few words in some foreign tongue and a ring of what looked like black smoke flashed crimson around the doorway and dissipated. Entering this sanctuary he motioned with his hand and the door slammed shut, the loud clang echoing in the woods for miles. The man removed his darkened and bloodstained hooded cloak and tossed it aside carelessly. He turned to the bag he'd towed into the room, and motioned to it. The sack's tie instantly unraveled and floated to his hand. Full to the brim, the sack toppled opened, sending the heads of many young women tumbling across the room. One of these heads came to rest at the man's food, and he kicked it into the air,

catching it. He looked for a moment at the young girl's head, noticing the lifeless blue eyes, open wide with fear. Her mouth remained open in an eternal scream. The man scowled and walked over to a large garbage receptacle, tossing the head that once belonged to a beautiful young woma named Elsa into the garbage just like any other refuse. And so it continued, with all twenty-three of the night's kills, all of them young women. The madman Denkhara Terraknight looked at each disembodied head and discarded each with a scowl. None of them would do. He walked wearily down to his study, annoyed with himself for once again not finding what he sought that night. He wrote for a moment in his memoirs, then laid himself down on a small bed in a corner of the room. And slept soundly. On top of his tower, in a case of glass, lay his one true love.

In Trinsic, Sephie Sarnath sat at her job in the bakery, wasting away the hours. At the time, Trinsic's business wasn't doing so great, forcing her to put up with hours and hours of absolutely nothing to do. Thus she was thrilled when a tall man walked into the bakery.

"I'd like a hundred loaves of bread," he said.

Sephie stared, speechless for a moment. When words finally found her, she replied, "A hundred?!"

"Yes, ma'am."
"Alright sir but that
order will take quite
some time to complete...
can you wait until it's
completed?"

"I've got all the time in
the world," he said with a
smile.

She smiled back, "Then
would you like to have a
seat at our waiting
table?"

"Aye."

Hours passed, the bakers
toiling furiously in the
back room. Sephie kept
sneaking glances at the
man out of the corner
of her eye.

Finally the man spoke,
"Why don't you stop doing
that and just come over
here?"

Sephie blinked. How had
he known? He'd been
staring away from her
the whole time. "Well,"
she responded, "I guess
we won't be having any
more customers today
anyhow."

For another five hours
they sat and talked about
little things. What the
day was like, what their
hobbies were. They found
themselves laughing and
having a great time.

Sephie couldn't help but
notice the man would
stare at her face from
time to time with a
smile. -He must be quite
taken by me!- she
thought to herself. When
the man's order was
done, he became somewhat
serious and asked her if
she'd like to accompany
him for a walk in the
moonlight. By now Sephie

was feeling adventurous,
and agreed.

Sephie and the man
walked quietly out of
Trinsic, with him dragging
a large sack full of one
hundred loaves of bread.
He suddenly laughed,
"after all that talking, I
forgot to ask your name!"

Sephie smiled and gave
her full name, "Sephie
Sarnath."

"I'm Denkhara," he smiled
back.

In the shadows lurked all
kinds of creepy things,
and Sephie jumped at the
noises.

"Don't worry, dear Sephie.
I won't let anything harm
you... Not even them," he
motioned at a tree and
it disintigrated, revealing
a very frightened brigand.
Five more trees
disintigrated, revealing
more scoundrels in
waiting. They quickly
regained their composure
and grouped together, as
there is always safety in
numbers. They all drew
their weapons, brandishing
them at Denkhara. "What
do you want, fools?"
Denkhara demanded.

"What's in the sack?"
asked the man who
appeared to be their
leader.

"Bread," he shrugged.
"You're joking, right? All
that's bread?"

"Indeed it is."

"Well then perhaps we'll
have to take something
else. Perhaps we'll claim
that woman you seem so

fond of, hmm?"

"That would not be wise,"
warned Denkhara, his gaze
icey cold.

"Yeah well, we aren't the
brightest, you know?"

"It would certainly seem
that way."

All the brigands lunged at
Denkhara at once,
screaming battle cries
that echoed in the woods.
And all at once they
were destroyed by the
waving of Denkhara's
hand. Their bodies
exploded from the inside,
sending blood flying
everywhere. The mage
quickly shielded Sephie
from the rain of blood
with his cloak. The
remainder of the walk
was completely silent until
they came upon a tall
dark tower.

"Home sweet home,"
remarked Denkhara.

"Very impressive," said
Sephie, staring in awe.

That night Denkhara and
Sephie got to know
eachother even more, and
became very close friends.
Eventually they married
and had many children. In
all the years they lived
in that tower, there were
two rules that Sephie
was to follow: Never read
Denkhara's Memoirs, and
Never even go near the
sanctuary. She had no
problems with these rules
and was happy to follow
them, as long as they
stayed together. They
were happy. The killings
of young women were
attributed to the slain
brigands, and Denkhara
Terraknight was granted

the title of Great Lord
for his bravery.

To Be Continued...